Mon Cher, Mon Amour

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by harleygirl2648

Summary

"-then proceeded to finish packing all of the meat in the kitchen so I come home to our dog licking up meat juice on the floor. And then, the police get in touch with you as, to reiterate, he was a student in your class. And then, to alleviate suspicion, you invite them to stay for dinner and serve your student's kidneys in a red wine sauce."

"What better way to dispose of evidence?"

Will had to pinch the bridge of his nose and take a deep breath. "Oh my god, I married you."

Notes

Haven't written for this series in a long time, an installment is overdue!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's perfectly crafted false demeanor of pleasantry fell apart the second the police left their house.

"We are *so* goddamn lucky, do you know that?" he hissed, making sure the screen door was locked as well as the front door, before he turned a narrowed-eyed expression over to Hannibal, who looked far too pleased with himself.

"I *am* incredibly lucky," he smirks, leaning forward to brush a lock of hair from Will's face. Will determinedly glared back, moving away.

"No, you aren't pulling that kind of shit tonight."

"And what is 'that shit' that you are referring to, Will?"

"No," Will whined in protest, trying in vain to move away from Hannibal's assault on his lips. "No, I'm still mad at you, you can't just-"

He could feel the smirk in the next kiss, then felt Hannibal's foot jut out behind him, knocking him off balance so he falls back against the couch, Hannibal top of him. Before Will could regain his balance, Hannibal leaned in again and kissed him, one hand rubbing at a knot at his neck and the other sliding up his thigh.

Will tried to argue again that he was angry, that he couldn't seduce his way out of this <u>this</u> time, when Hannibal purred and 'I love you' and the zipper on his pants is slowly being undone.

Fucker.

Will took a definite step back, folding his arms across his chest. "You know *exactly* what I am referring to, and I'm not even going to entertain those thoughts at the moment. Right now, I want to discuss just how close we were to being caught."

"But we were not," Hannibal said, mimicking Will's crossed arms, still an amused smile. Will rolled his eyes.

"Let's go over the events of the past 72 hours, shall we?" Will stated. "First, you murdered a student in one of your classes-"

"Not without reason, he was extremely rude to the both of us."

"-then proceeded to finish packing all of the meat in the kitchen so I come home to our dog licking up meat juice on the floor. And then, the police get in touch with you as, to reiterate, he was a student in your class. And then, to alleviate suspicion, you invite them to stay for dinner and serve your student's kidneys in a red wine sauce."

“What better way to dispose of evidence?”

Will had to pinch the bridge of his nose and take a deep breath. “Oh my god, I married you.”

“Willingly.”

“Yes, and to answer your next question, no, I do not regret it, but my patience is being tried right now. We cannot afford to be caught.”

“I have not murdered anyone close to us until just now, Will.”

“Do you think I don’t want to murder the old woman who complains about her dead husband and thirteen cats to me for ninety minutes every Tuesday? Yes, and I have to restrain myself from clearing the desk and ending both of our miseries.”

Hannibal cocked his head in interest. “Are you implying that I am incapable of *restraint?”*

Finally, a smile, and a hint of a laugh escaped Will’s lips. He cocked his own head in response. “Maybe I am.”

“Are you not the one who stained the shower and the carpet in the hallway after-”

“That was different, you were the one that-”

“This is a petulant argument that I will not engage in, Will,” Hannibal said, a little firm, but still teasing. Rather, he was intrigued as Will moved close enough to kiss him gently, moving his hand to gently rest the tips of his fingers against Hannibal’s collar.

“Savor this,” Will breathed across Hannibal’s lips. “Because you are not allowed to touch me now.”

“Am I not?”

“No,” Will said smoothly. “Since you’re so *adept* at restraint, it should be simple for you.”

Hannibal chose to kiss Will slowly this time, before just barely breaking away, a smile playing across his face. “We shall see who breaks first. When will I be allowed to touch you again?”

He leans in for another kiss when Will pulls away, smirking, an innocent mask over his features.

“When I tell you.”

Hannibal considers shoving him up against the front door and kissing down his neck until he starts to beg for mercy, but instead smiles in return.

“Fair enough.”

He’s lasted three years, what’s a little more time?

It’s more difficult than Hannibal had perhaps anticipated.

For instance, it’s become instinct now to let Will lean on his shoulder in bed, or curl up with his own head on Will’s shoulder. It’s pleasant, warming even, to be in a state of simply *being,* rather than the push and pull, give and take between them.

Hannibal, then, truly shouldn’t have been surprised when their dog was whining at the foot of the bed, before hopping up and padding over to drop into Will’s lap. Will laughs as he holds his book in one hand while he reaches down with his free hand to scratch behind her ears. She seemed content.

Hannibal chose to busy himself with shaving in the bathroom, and preparing for bed. After he was finished, he fixed Will with a look. As though he could feel it, Will looked up from his book, and smiled innocently.

“Something I can help you with?”

“I thought we had agreed that the dog would not sleep on the bed, Will? The thread count is rather high.”

“Yes it is,” Will answered, blinking up innocently. “She likes it.”

Hannibal held back a sigh. “Will-”

“And to your point, we did not agree on that. She and I are perfectly comfortable with our current positions.”

“As you wish,” Hannibal nodded, coming to sit on his side of the bed, opening his tablet, and reading from Tattle Crime. “Ah, apparently we are currently residing in Ave Maria, out in Florida.”

“I cannot see you living anywhere named *Ave Maria,”* Will snorted. “Especially in Florida. In sandals and with newspaper covering the table for a clambake,” he said with mock shock in his voice, tilting his head back and laughing outright. On instinct, Hannibal leans across their invisible border to kiss him on the lips, only for Will’s hand to come up as a barrier of its own, keeping him away. His eyes sparkle with mischief. “Crumbling so soon?”

“Pure instinct,” Hannibal replies easily, moving back to his own side of the bed.

“I thought *you* were the one telling me to embrace my instincts,” Will says, his fingers carding through Cephy’s fur. “It’s dangerous to keep them pent up.”

“Except when you are making a point to your husband’s inane display,” Hannibal said back, focusing on his article. Will only laughed, going back to his own book and paying him no more attention the entire rest of the evening.

Hannibal is perhaps jealous of Cephy in this moment, but would never admit it out loud.

When Hannibal awoke in the morning and reached out on pure instinct, the other side of the bed is cold and he is annoyed. He pushes it down and rises from the bed, ready to be annoyed downstairs with Will *and* his kitchen in some sort of disarray. He has to compose himself when presented with the display before him.

Will, his legs propped up on the table, leaning back in his chair as he watches the television playing a generic morning news program, a spoon in his mouth as he eats the monstrosity of half a grapefruit with at least half of the sugar dish on top.

Will, with his curls brushed back, top buttons undone in a crisp white shirt with no tie, and a light grey suit with matching slacks, everything in just the right amount of dissolvement and rumpled masculinity.

Damn him.

"Hello," Will says when he finally acknowledges Hannibal's presence. He smiles. "The espresso machine's up and running, fixed it this morning."

"I am grateful," Hannibal replies, making his way over to the device. "However, it is currently only 8:40 in the morning and yet you seem fully prepped for the day." Will had become a slightly later riser ever since they had started this new life together. And usually Will wouldn't be awake until nine at least.

A thought occurs to Hannibal, and he says without the apparent slightest amount of care, "Perhaps you didn't sleep as well last night?"

Will's narrow-eyed expression tells Hannibal everything he needs to know. He smiles innocently in return.

Apparently this little game is not exactly easy for *Will,* either.

Will slides his legs off of the table with grace, purely for the aesthetics of it, and standing up with the hollowed remains of a grapefruit in one hand. He moves to the kitchen to rinse the plate off in the sink, shoulder inches away from Hannibal's. The temptation is there, but Hannibal can resist. At least a little bit.

Will turns and leans up against the fridge as Hannibal toasts a slice of brown bread and cracks an egg for poaching.

"Would you care for an eggs benedict?" he offers as he stirs the water slowly, expertly keeping the whites wrapped around the yolk. Will shakes his head, but he smiles as he watches Hannibal work.

"No, I reheated the rest of the boudin, the sausage, you can have the rest. Oh, and a grapefruit," he says. Hannibal shoots him a quick look before returning to his task at hand, taking the toast and setting it out on a plate, then turns to where Will stands, arms folded, but smiling.

“Would you kindly move so that I may retrieve the hollandaise from the refrigerator?”

Will just smiles, his eyes twinkling, with a smear of grapefruit juice and dried, melted sugar on the corner of his lip. “No.”

The only reason Hannibal doesn’t physically lift him from his current position is innate stubbornness on both parties.

“I suppose you may have the rest of the grapefruit for lunch, then,” Hannibal replies. “As I will not be preparing anything.”

Will laughs, and the dried sugar cracks on the creases around his mouth, before defiantly licking his lips clean.

Very, very tempting, indeed.

He moves away from the fridge, almost brushing against Hannibal as he makes his way back to the living room, calling over his shoulder, “Don’t be so bitter, it’s not attractive.”

“Charming,” is Hannibal’s curt reply, as he removes the hollandaise from the fridge and closes the door with his shoulder. He pours the sauce over the toast, egg, and boudin and then sits down at the table, looking up at the screen to view the weather forecast. “It will be humid today.”

“Yep,” Will sighs, whistling for Cephy who comes barreling into the room, her leash in mouth. “I’m going to take her for a quick walk before we head out today.”

“Are we going out today?” Hannibal inquires, an eyebrow raised a fraction. “I would have thought that you have an appointment today.”

“No,” Will says, his fingers wrapped around the doorknob. His smile is as saccharine as his breakfast this morning. “I wanted to spend the day with you.”

Hannibal’s heart flutters, and he mentally curses Will at the same time.

Hannibal looks best with his sleeves pushed to his elbows, in a slightly worn shirt, and that’s what Will comes home to. He bites his lip and forces out a smile. “Hello.”

This push and pull, it’s a game they’re used to, and neither one enjoys giving in. Hannibal’s slight smirk is infuriating, and Will debates losing his own challenge in order to slap it off.

“I thought we would attend the market today, we haven't been together recently,” Hannibal says, sliding his wallet into his pocket. And this is true, usually one or both of them is busy keeping up with their false persona, they don’t go as often as either or them would like. Will nods, and as they head out to the car, Will stops himself from taking Hannibal’s hand like usual.

The market is open air, and it's easy to mix amongst the crowd and have no one take note of them. Hannibal removes himself from his instinct to place his hand on Will's hip as they look over the selections. It is a challenge to resist that impulse.

He instead purchases a few roses and offers them to Will, who accepts them with a smile.

"Very sneaky, doctor," he says lowly. "But nice try."

Hannibal ends up leaving Will over by a seafood counter as he examines the fruit at a nearby stand. He purchases a few dates and some mangoes, then makes his way back over to Will.

Will, who has pulled out his last card.

He's speaking in a mixture of English and French to the woman behind the counter, corruption of both languages that just rolls off of his tongue.

He can hear scraps of the conversation, especially when he approaches into Will's line of sight who sends a grin in his direction. It does not go unnoticed by the woman.

Et qui est-ce? / And who is that?

Mon mari / My husband, Will replies, still grinning. *Il est, comment tu dis…intense?* / He is, how you say...intense?

Sauvage / Savage?

Eh, non, non. Passionné, tu comprends? / Oh, no, no. Passionate, you understand?

Ah, oui, oui. Est-il bon pour vous? / Ah, yes, yes. Is he good to you?

Dans tous les sens. / In <u>every</u> way, Will says, his grin neat and sly as he turns to Hannibal, who is gripping his bag with barely-white knuckles. "Hello, darling."

That's it. That does it.

Hannibal reaches forward with his free hand to grab the handle of the bag of oysters Will is holding and pull it and his husband to his side. The woman behind the counter laughs.

Jaloux, n'est-ce pas? / Jealous, isn't he?

Hannibal makes an effort to not let any cracks in his person suit appear before he says back in flawless French:

Ne le seriez-vous pas, madame? Veuillez nous excuser. / Wouldn't you be, madame? Excuse us.

Will laughs a little as Hannibal pulls them both along by the thin, plastic handle of the shopping bag. "That could be considered *rude,* you know."

Hannibal shoots him a look.

Vous êtes un diable. / You are a devil.

Will can't keep the smile off of his face. Their finger are a hairbreadth length apart.

Nous sommes fait l'un pour l'autre alors, mon cher. / Then we belong together, my dear.

"Angels and devils on horseback," Hannibal presents as he removes two trays from the oven. The 'angels' have oysters with bacon wrapped around them, and the 'devils' have dates stuffed with a fresh mango chutney and wrapped in bacon as well. He sets them down on the counter as Will tops off their glasses of Muscadet. The tension is brimming as Hannibal places the savories on a plate and they decide to sit on the couch, more to tease the other than anything else. The television is turned to a production of Spontini's *La vestale,* and Will takes a long sip out of his glass while watching Hannibal out of the corner of his eye. Hannibal picks up an oyster and turns to look at Will, who moves so that his glass is just dangling in his grasp.

"Do you need something?" he asks.

You. Always and forever, all I need is you.

Hannibal keeps those words perched under his tongue and holds out the oyster, his head tilted slightly in a question. Will's smile is easy as he leans in closer, and opens his mouth. Hannibal feeds him the oysters, without his fingers even brushing Will's lips. Will keeps his eyes trained on Hannibal as he slowly chews, his jaw working and throat bobbing.

"Délicieux, mon cher," he says in a voice barely above a purr. They're both so close, the air between them scented with crisp Muscadet and smoky sweet savories.

And so, it's only fitting that they both lean in at the same time and break, kissing slowly and deeply as the soprano pours her heart out through the airwaves.

Hannibal pulls away first, and Will leans in to close the gap on instinct when he feels Hannibal's hand wrapping around his own, fingers reaching around and removing the wineglass and setting it on the coffee table. Will chuckles in an exasperated fashion.

"Seriously? The fucking carpet not getting a stain is your largest concern right now?"

"On the contrary," Hannibal says, moving his hand so that he could rest his hand across the back of the couch. "We have smashed enough drinkware to last several lifetimes. The Waterford does not need to suffer for it."

Will closes his eyes, making to sigh but laughing instead. He expects Hannibal to pull him into another kiss, only to see him paying far more attention to the duet on the screen.

"Hannibal?"

"Hmm? The crescendo is approaching, Will, just a moment."

To his credit, Will waits until the damn aria ends (and eating half of the plate of savories) before saying, “Well?”

Hannibal looks at him, innocently smiling. “Yes.”

“Why aren’t you touching me?”

Hannibal laughs to himself, a rare thing, saying, “Will, *mon amour,* you didn’t tell me that I was allowed.”

Will rolled his eyes before reaching out and yanking him closer by the collar, propping his legs up onto Hannibal’s lap so that they are touching in every way, his forehead pressed against Hannibal’s.

“Fuck you. You can touch me,” he finally says, and brings them together for a deep, deep kiss. He grins as Hannibal’s fingers slowly trace up his thigh in mesmerizing patterns and says in that infuriating tone that he’ll never admit that he adores, “As you wish.”

End Notes

***EDIT NOTE: the WONDERFUL Pumpcaked was so kind to help me rework the French for this piece, and a hundred thousand thank-yous go to them!!

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